King. With all my heart,
Prin. Then, brother Iohn of Lancaſter,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong,
Goe to the Douglas, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomeleſſe and free:
His valours ſhew'n vpon our Creſts to day,
Haue taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Euen in the boſome of our aduerſaries.
Iohn. I thanke your grace for this high curteſie,
Which I ſhall giue away immediatly.
King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our power,
You ſonne Iohn, and my coſen Weſtmerland
Towards Yorke ſhall bend, you with your deereſt ſpeed
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,
Who, as we heare, are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe, and you, ſonne Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day.
And, ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.